Taking it Slow

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Summary

Hannibal still didn't trust him. It had been 9 months, 2 weeks, and 4 days since Chiyoh had pulled them from the ocean, yet Hannibal stayed distant. Will wants to change that.

Notes

Some soft, angsty Hannigram. More on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

Hannibal still didn't trust him. It had been 9 months, 2 weeks, and 4 days since Chiyoh had pulled them from the ocean, yet Hannibal stayed distant. How could he not understand that after everything, Will still wanted to build a life with him? That Will wanted him?

Hannibal had informed him that he could use his credit card at any time to book his flight. His ex-psychiatrist still expected him to return to his makeshift family, but that was never an option. Didn't Hannibal understand that he was the closest thing to family Will had?

That had to change. But intimacy had never come easy to Will, and he certainly didn't initiate it often. Molly had chosen him, Margot had used him, and Alana had outright rejected him. And now, Will wasn't afraid to choose Hannibal.

Will realized that Hannibal didn't know he could come to him for support on Mischa's birthday. He found Hannibal in his study, eyes closed as he slipped deep into his memory palace. Tears streamed down his face as he hugged his arms around himself.

Seeing Hannibal so alone and vulnerable nearly broke him. Will deliberated for a moment by the door. He heard a soft sob echo through the room, and that's when he made his decision. He pulled off his shoes, and let his feet silently guide him to the man seated on the floor.

Hannibal sat there, rocking slightly, hugging his knees. Will saw the small orphaned boy left without his sister in the freezing snow when he looked at him. With his head down, Hannibal didn't see Will sit beside him on the Persian carpet.

"Hannibal," he whispered.

The sobs stopped for just a moment as the man shook his head silently.

"Hey, Hannibal, it's alright, I'm here," Will tried again.

After a pause, he looked up, avoiding Will's eyes.

"Hannibal, please look at me." Blurry hazel eyes finally met his.

"You know can come to me, anytime? I'm here. I'm not going anywhere," Will promised.

"You'll stay?" Hannibal asked with a throaty voice, clearly surprised.

"I was never going to leave you. I helped you escape, remember? I mean, I also threw us off the cliff, but when we survived despite the odds, it felt like fate had given us another chance to be together again, didn't it?"

Hannibal contemplated this for a moment, then nodded.

"We wouldn't be here if it weren't for Chiyoh," Hannibal said.

"And I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. Don't you understand? I want this, Hannibal. I want you."

Hannibal searched his eyes briefly, as though he was trying to detect the lie.

Then he nodded again, deciding to believe him after all. Despite his obvious pain, Hannibal's lips turned up slightly at the corners. "As do I, if you'll have me. I always have."

"Yes, you foolish man. A part of me has always wanted you."

Will pulled Hannibal forward in an embrace and gathered the grown man against his chest. Will held him close and wiped away the last of his tears with his thumb.

"Can I take you to bed?" Will asked.

Hannibal paused, "So soon?"

"No, not like that. I just want to tuck you in for the night." Standing up, Will held out a hand to Hannibal. They grasped one another's hands for the first time, and Will pulled him up. Despite the heaviness of the evening, the energy was light between them.

Will found that being honest and vulnerable with Hannibal came easily to him now. He squeezed Hannibal's hand as he led him up the stairs, and Hannibal squeezed right back. As they entered Hannibal's master bedroom, Will pulled back the covers. Will felt equally elated and nervous. This was all so new to him, wanting someone and having them want him back.

Hannibal moved slowly into bed, taking his time and enjoying this newfound closeness with Will. Will tucked the comforter around him.

Before Hannibal could ask, Will quickly said, "I can stay, if you'd like me to."

"Yes, stay with me."

Will cupped his cheek, "Always." He smoothed the hair back from Hannibal's eyes. As his hazel eyes slipped shut, Will gently placed a soft kiss along each of his closed eyelids. He rested his forehead gently against Hannibal's.

"We can take it slow, okay? Let's do it right this time."

Hannibal's hands came up to pull Will closer. "How about we start with this?"

Will smiled as he felt Hannibal's incredibly soft and timid lips against his own for the first time. It felt so right. Will couldn't resist peppering Hannibal's face with kisses.

One against the corner of his mouth. The next along his sharply defined cheekbones, under his jaw, and the hollow of his throat. Hannibal hummed beneath him, as though each of the kisses brought him back to life. After a lingering kiss upon his collarbone, Hannibal pulled Will into bed beside him in one swift move.

"Slow, remember? We have the rest of our lives to share everything," Hannibal told him.

"Yes, I suppose you're right about that."

After looking at Will fondly, Hannibal grasped his arm and turned away from him, scooting his body back against Will's warm chest.

"Hold me?"

"Anything you want, Hannibal."

With Will's arm securely around him, and his soft breath's against his ear, Hannibal began to doze off. Unbeknownst to Will, this was the first time he felt comfortable falling asleep in another's arms. Being held like this, by the man he loved after so long, was divine. Tonight, Will had stormed the foyer of his mind and had torn down the wall of his beginnings.

Hannibal found Mischa happy in his mind palace, smiling as she played hide and seek with Will.

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